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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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### THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, payable in advance.

*Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE should always give both the old and new address, in full.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued, annually, as a four page tract adapted to seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxilliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20 for a LOAN LIBRARY may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

*Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.*

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notices of their desire for its continuance.

### REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

### LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

### FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:—

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, *at the same time*, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

# SAILORS' <sup>THE</sup> MAGAZINE



## AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 68,

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

### THE HONEST TAR.

Who buffeted the angry waves,  
His only boat a spar,  
Yet stretched his hand to save a friend?  
It was the honest tar!

'Mid fevers, storms and tropic heats,  
Who risked his life afar  
To bring my dainty luxuries?  
It was the honest tar!

When safe I sailed, to pictures see  
And ruins, king and czar,  
Who kept the watch or climbed the mast?  
It was the honest tar!

At home, they praised the admiral;  
Whose meed was wound and scar?  
Who gave his life to save the flag?  
It was the honest tar!

Who steered long years his steady course,  
His guide the Bethlehem star,  
Nor feared temptation's storms or shoals?  
It was the honest tar!

Who saw the heavenly port was near,  
And singing "crossed the bar,"  
Safe in the *Name* his papers bore?  
It was the honest tar!

Mrs. WOODS BAKER.



## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Good cheer in letters to this office is frequent and refreshing. One correspondent says "I am much pleased with the March issue of the Magazine, and if you will send me three or four copies with leaflets on loan libraries I will take pleasure in putting them before friends, who may perhaps be quickened to aid your good cause."

Another says "I have had some wonderful answers to my letters put in the Comfort Bags, showing that God has indeed blessed my feeble efforts in His name."

Another says "I am glad to find you keep up the character of the Magazine so well. Mrs. L. distributes it here and there in the hope of increasing its circulation. The wide scope and the varied character of your work create a deep interest in those who become familiar with the field. It must be hard, plodding work for you, but there must be much good accomplished of which you do not hear. So be of good cheer, the reward of the harvest time will abundantly repay the labor of the sowing."

From far Dunedin, New Zealand, comes to the editor a beautiful New Year's card "With the prayers of his fellow-workers amongst seamen."

Referring to the publications of this Society sent to aid a Young People's Meeting, another lady says "it was the best missionary meeting we ever had, and a letter from you to the Secretary came just in time to be read at the meeting."

Hearty thanks to all for sympathy and coöperation.

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IN many ports there is a fresh effort making to stop crimping, and to infuse honesty and honor into the shipment of seamen. To scrape the barnacles off this business seems easy to all but those who know how long they have been gathering and how tenaciously they cling to it. Besides sound law faithfully administered, besides condign punishment to transgressors and evaders of it, there is needed a firmer stand against the crimp among seamen themselves. Admiral SMYTH defines crimps as "detested agents who trepan seamen by treating, advancing money, &c., by which the dupes become indebted, and when well plied with liquor are induced to sign articles, and are shipped off, only discovering their mistake on finding themselves at sea, robbed of all they possessed." A definition less specific and truer to the general facts is that of the Standard Dictionary, namely, a crimp "is an extortionate man who preys upon sailors." Far be it from us to relieve those charged with the making and the execution of law from an iota of blame justly resting upon them, but sailors

themselves must shoulder a part of it, inasmuch as they know the crimp and have often suffered at his hands. They are like the "simple ones" described in the book of Proverbs; they follow the crimp "as an ox goeth to the slaughter," "as a bird hasteth to the snare." To be sure, they have their defense, namely, that previous "advances" and necessary drafts on the slop-chest leave them only a pittance of pay at the end of a voyage, and force them into the hands of the extortionate man again. But the crying need of money in hand as a defense against him is one that seamen should regard. They know him to be in a detestable business, and they should detest it sufficiently to plan against becoming its victims. If all the seamen who throw away their money in reckless disregard of their own self-respect were to save it, it would fortify their will not to be the slaves of an outlawed and despised class of men. Let the fight go on for justice to these men of the sea, but let them also remember that they are often the victims of prodigal habits before they fall into the hands of the contemptible sharpers who foster weaknesses of human nature in order to reap pecuniary profit from them.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, who, by his labors in England, has well earned the title of "Sailors' Friend," in a letter to American seamen which suggests how their condition may be bettered by law, closes it with these solemn words :

And now, my dear friends, you will give me, I doubt not, permission to add a very few words which are not relevant to this subject. Seek to know and strive to do the will of God, accept the mercy and the love He offers to all of you through Christ, and then I may hope to meet you all in heaven at last.

Thus the man who conquered opposition and derision in fighting a good fight for the legal rights and physical comfort of sailors in England, goes to the root of the matter when he begs them to be Christians.

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THE Sixty-Eighth Anniversary of our Society will occur on May 30, the details of which will be published in the May Magazine, usually mailed in New York on April 22.

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COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN started a Sailors' Home on the island of Rügen for the fishermen of the Baltic. The cabin of her yacht is used for sailor-meetings wherever she goes. Deeply sympathizing with the dangers and privations of the fisherman's lot, she has acquired such an influence over them that they call her "mother." Yachts are generally devoted to pleasure-seeking, but it is sometimes the pleasure of their owners to consecrate them to the service of



Christ. Yacht-owners may take notice that Countess SCHIMMELMANN gets a large revenue of pleasure from her yacht by making at times a Bethel, a house of God for churchless seamen. So did the master of Blantyre, a Scottish nobleman: "The sight of his yacht was the signal of help at hand for weary fishermen, who, after night of toil, were making their homeward way.... He would take the boats in tow and bid the men rest." "His heart yearned for the men to come to Christ." Lord BLANTYRE'S son and the Countess SCHIMMELMANN have set a noble example. What American yachtman will follow it?

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THE *Church at Home and Abroad* is the able magazine of the Boards of the Presbyterian Church. In its last issue is a kind reference to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and these words besides: "As the Presbyterian Church has no Board or Committee to look after the seamen, we know of no better way for our people to help them than by contributing to that Society in which we are represented along with other denominations of Christians." The same may be said to other bodies of Christians; and they are all requested to contribute to the undenominational work carried on by this Society, which represents them all.

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AMBASSADOR BAYARD spoke a true word to the Seamen's Hospital Society in London when he said:

"At sea there are no such things as troublesome boundary disputes, contesting spheres of influence, buffer states, or other creations of diplomacy. Scarcely a day has passed without a token of gratitude and good will being sent by American English seamen for heroism for rescues upon the high seas. When I was attending to my duties in Washington, I remember how there was a constant current of thanks and gratitude from Great Britain to sailors of the United States. Such are healing differences and strengthening the friendship between the sailors, and may be the means of binding friendship and good feeling in the homes on both sides of the Atlantic."

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LOAN LIBRARIES. What do seamen think of the following suggestion from a correspondent? So far as we know, contributions are made by seamen to the loan library work when captains solicit them and rarely otherwise. This implies that the captain is with the men when they are paid off, and have money at command, which is not always the case. Captain and crew generally separate when the vessel is docked. Though sailors are poor, they can afford after each voyage to give a small sum to aid a work which is in their own interest, and, as our correspondent says, they would value the books more if they did.

*Mr. Editor* : I am surprised in reading acknowledgments and thanks of officers of vessels for libraries that so few think it necessary to contribute money for their publication. Take the March number of your Magazine and you find twelve acknowledgments and but one subscription. We know that seafaring men are liberal, and I conclude that this apparent indifference is from assuming that their help is not wanted. Sailors would value these books more if they contributed to their publication. Would it not be well to remind them that the Society would be glad to receive ten cents from each reader?

W. R. H.

The master of the schooner *Norombega* writes of No. 7,265 :

I wish to inform you that we have derived a great deal of pleasure and information from your library, and as for myself I can truly say that I very much appreciate the kindness of your Society, and I think it is appreciated by my crew. Thanking you for past favors.

The master of the schooner *John R. P. Moore* writes of No. 7,918 :

The loan library on board was in a damaged condition when I took charge. The books have all been read time after time. You will please send for books. I would like to have new ones in their place.

The master of the schooner *S. E. Nightingale* writes of No. 9,732 :

I have had your library on board my vessel for a number of years and the books have been read by myself, officers and men, and I appreciate it very much, and may God bless you in the work you are doing among the men of the sea.

The wife of the captain of the ship *John Currier* writes of No. 8,867 :

I am glad to say a few words in praise of your work. We think the loan libraries most useful and entertaining, and we always welcome them on board with pleasure. I can assure you they are appreciated and the books well read by our crews. Certainly good books and thoughts leave their impression. I am glad there is an AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and hope its good work will be most successful. Many thanks for our new library this year, also for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE which you have so kindly sent me.

The master of the schooner *Bianca* writes of No. 9,879 :

I have had on board two voyages library No. 9,879, and it has been read by me and all of my crew each trip with much interest. Too much cannot be said in favor of the Society for furnishing ships with such good reading, and I am sure it does a great deal of good.

The master of the schooner *Southern Cross* writes of No. 9,893 :

Please accept my thanks for library No. 9,893 which you put on board schooner *Southern Cross* in June, 1895. I have had it two round voyages to Colon. It has been a great benefit to myself and crew and has been read and re-read from fore to aft. The books are a good selection and are both instructive and entertaining, and have passed away many a lonesome hour. My humble opinion is that no ship could go to sea without one.

The master of the ship *L. Schepp* writes of No. 10,153 :

It has been read by my officers and crew and highly appreciated by all on board. On behalf of all on board I express my sincere thanks for same.



*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## FURTHER INTERESTING MEMORANDA FOUND IN AN ANCIENT SEA-CHEST.

BY Z. I. NAZBRYTH.

*[Continued from the August, 1895, number.]*

Sometimes of a stormy winter night when the north-west wind whistles and shrieks about my comfortable domicile, I am forcibly reminded of the old days when I was a roving sailor lad, obliged to face the gale and jump aloft to help the sailors take an extra reef in the topsails; how hard it was to pull in the reef points, for the canvas was frozen as stiff as a plank of oak; in fact, it seemed like a great piece of sheet iron. I remember well one dark night in December, in the early forties, our dead reckoning at six bells placed us in the latitude of Cape Hatteras and about nine leagues to the eastward of that treacherous headland. It was blowing big guns from the south-south-west and we were spinning along in the old square-rigged brig *Jotham* of Grimsby, England. We were running about eight knots under a foretopmast staysail, single reefed foresail, with both topsails close reefed. At four bells the watch on deck heard a muffled roar in the distance; it was a sound which mariners never forget when once they have heard it.

“It was the sound of trampling surf  
On the rocks and hard sea sand.”

The second mate sounded the alarm by bawling down the old-fashioned underdeck fore-castle in a voice like thunder, “All hands on deck! Wake up, down below; on deck a-l-l h-a-n-d-s!” I was but a lad, and homesick at that. I was fast in the arms of Mor-

pheus, wet through, with my boots and flannels as heavy as lead as I snored and dreamed I was at home on the old Lancashire farm chasing the lambs and fowls about the grassy yard, while father and mother sat on the stoop in the sunlight enjoying the fun. A kick from my nearest mate awoke me to a sense of present things, and in a twinkling I was aloft stretching about and laying out on the fore topsail-yard trying to reef the obstinate canvas. Oh! but it was a biting night, and right hard work we had of it. Landsmen know nothing of such cold, hard jobs as furling a topsail on a December night in a heavy gale, so I will forbear its description and simply say the job was done, and well done, too, even if we were chilled to the bone and our fingers stiff and bitten with the frost.

Bill Bowers put the wheel hard down and the little brig came up and shook herself in the wind, turning about as if swinging on a pivot; the braces tautened, the blocks rattled, the stiffened sails lay like boards, and the way we clawed off the beach was a caution. The *Jotham* showed a clean pair of heels and Captain S—— ran her for four hours as tight as ever she could go to the north-east, for the sound of the surf seemed to frighten the little craft into a perfect terror to escape.

At eight bells, midnight, we shook out the reefs and after setting the topgallant sails stood off on our course; my watch went



below and immediately forgot our narrow escape from destruction off Cape Hatteras. Many incidents like the above do I recollect when the wind shakes the windows at night and the gale howls without. As I have now reached a sedate and quiet period of life, instead of scrambling aloft in a gale to reef or stow canvas, I merely ascend to my snugery in the attic and light my old copper lantern which I took from the derelict *Phantom* in the Indian Ocean in 1856. With its weird light I lift the ponderous lid of my mysterious Spanish chest and dive deep within. On such occasions I really live in the past and fancy I am afloat again, and as the wind roars and dashes the rain against the window panes my experience as sailor's apprentice when I was but fourteen years of age flashes before me like a dream. I fancy myself again first and second mate in the *Chancellor* of Morecombe, Eng., and I imagine I can hear the orders of Captain Powes given in his stentorian voice which could be distinctly heard throughout that ancient craft from truck to keelson. When I take from the chest my Dolland spy-glass, or examine my brass sextant, still keeping its stubby black lead pencil in its socket, and as I overhaul many relics of former sea voyages which suggest many trains of thought, I seem to feel that I am captain again, treading the deck of the ship *John Newton* on the eve of leaving Swatow with a cargo of new season's tea for London. (My present from the owners that voyage on arriving in "the Pool" at London was one hundred pounds sterling). All of these dreams, however, vanish like thin mist after handling bits of rope from

which the smell of tar disappeared many years ago, and oil-skins and sou'-westers which have become thin and limp from great age, and marlin spikes which have been red-coated with rust for years. Even the leather "palms" retain bits of beeswax, but they are as hard as flint, and the needles are almost rusted entirely away. All of the above items came to me when I purchased the chest at Bosham, and were relics long before I was born.

Safe in the depths of this ancient sea-chest reposes quietly the old journal of Jeremiah Harbottle, master-mariner of the brig *Bagot*, of Whitby, England, A. D. 1764.

This ancient book with its curious scrawls and pot-hooks furnishes me interesting reading; let the north wind roar; I am alone with the past and absorbed in the old records. Let us open the pages at random and peruse the account of the voyage of the ship *Fanshawe*, of 751 tons burden. This vessel sailed out of London, April 28, 1765, and after drifting and sailing for 185 days, she finally arrived at Bombay "safe and sounde withe a tedious voyage; ye gales and calmes wore out all handes; we escaped ye French brigge-of-war off Portugal, and run ye gauntlet withe two rovers beyonde ye Barbaric mountaines. Our second mate, Josiah Grenville was wounded in ye shoulder withe a ball from a pertronel whiche was fired by a Moor; we got through ye variables and safe arounde Cape Horn and stretched away to Bombay. Ye general cargo is uninjured, and as ye freight money is large I must perchance remaine satysfiede."

The *Fanshawe* lay at anchor at Bombay for two months; she then

sailed for Ceylon "withe two battallions of ye Third 'Buffs' Regiment of ye line; these we put ashore at Trincomalee, and proceeded up to Rangoon withe ye 92 Highlanders under commande of ye Colonel Airlie."

Old Jabez Crowther goes on to relate how disgusted he was to see brave soldiers wearing kilts, or as he styled them, "women's petticoats," and he narrates that the airs played by the pipers overcame the sailors with homesickness, making the whole ship's company very forlorn. Jabez writes "I begged ye Colonel to order more lively musicke, or ye sailors would all be dead men, for ye squeaking of ye bag-pipes takes away ye strength of ye stomachs," a singular way of putting it. Later he writes "Ye sailors who were dawdling about halfe dead, sighing for home and sweet-hearts, all caused by ye accursed Scotch bag-pipes, instantly when a highland fling was started on ye pipes, began to dance and laugh till ye tears ran downe their cheeks for joy; ye same poor fellows who were before in ye depths were now in ye heights of merriment, just from a turn of a tune on ye bag-pipes."

At Calcutta, to which port the ship proceeded from Rangoon, Governor-General Warren Hastings with Lord Clive came aboard the ship and "greatlie admired her trim looke; never before nor since did ever two such grande men tread ye decke of ye goode shippe *Fanshawe*." A fortnight later the Governor-General chartered the ship to load bread-fruit trees in tubs at the South Sea Islands for "ye Barbadoes and Jamaica." Down the Bay of Bengal sailed the good ship, through the Straits of Malacca, calling at Singapore, then away like a bird

she flew towards Borneo, an island nearly as large in extent as the whole promontory of southern India; away she stretched through Torres Straits past New Guinea and the Spice Islands. The description of the scenery in those parts is very interesting. Old Jabez "plumes his feathers" in truly poetic style as he tells of islands "whose snowy peaks pierced ye blue skies, withe primeval forests of harde wood where ye sounde of ye ringing axe is never hearde." Naked savages throng the shores of some of the smaller islands and many canoes come off to trade cocoanuts and yams for needles and red flannel.

One passage struck me and forced home the thought that the piety of honest Jabez Crowther must indeed be wide and deep. He exclaims "Oh! for two or three cargoes of these naked pagans to carry them to ye Barbados sugar plantations, to sell at £20 each, and best of all to Christianize them in such a godlie country." I suppose the £20 pious Jabez looked upon as passage money. The speculation no doubt would have been a very profitable one.

At the Fijis, Marquesas, and Navigator Islands the bread-fruit trees were obtained. The good ship at last squared away for Cape Horn and having got safely around those stormy seas, where the American continent almost pierces the frozen Antarctic, and having well-nigh foundered in the floating ice, she stood away for the "burning equator" and called off Rio for water and green vegetables.

After a tedious voyage she made Barbados, forty miles distant, lying along the horizon like a faint lead pencil mark drawn on a sheet



of white paper. From this point the summits of the Pitous of St. Lucia, the top of the lofty Soufrier at St. Vincent, and the high mountains at Martinique are just discernible. Off Barbados the *Fanshawe* encountered "the great hurricane" which devastated that island to a most alarming extent; she was totally dismasted and very nearly foundered, but with the aid of jury-masts she managed to crawl into Carlisle Bay and landed only one-half of the original number of fruit trees which she had taken aboard in the Pacific islands; the rest of the plants had perished by salt water; and in this way came the bread-fruit tree into the West India Islands, and in the same vessel came the guava, sugar apples, mangoes, and a host of other small tropical fruits.

The *Fanshawe* was surveyed and condemned at Barbados, and, writes Crowther, "wee gotte safe and sounde to London in ye goode brigge *Palm Branch* at last." The loss of the *Fanshawe* recalls to my mind the lines

"Like a stately ship with all her bravery  
on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled and streamers waving and —  
then a wreck."

Her voyage had been of two years' duration, "but ye goode shippe hath passed awaye, and ye owners are full satisfied, for ye paye from ye government is advantageous, for they have fitted out another shippe for ye Americas and have in hande a goodly balance."

Sometimes old Captain Jeremiah Harbottle "tries his trick at the wheel," and after considerable hard study I can manage to decipher his mystical hieroglyphics. He usually jots down memoranda of the wind and weather,

ship's rate of speed and course, &c. He never fails to set down the fact that a fresh cask of water has been broached, or the opening of a butt of beef or cask of bread. He takes a longer time to tell of "putting a newe cloth into a top-gallantsaile" than his old shipmate Crowther would occupy in narrating the details of a trip to "ye Carribbees." Old Harbottle seems to attend merely to the duties of skipper and mentions such nautical things as "boomkins," "bitts," "back-stays" and "bob-stays," "limbers," "binnacles," "ring-bolts," and a thousand or more ship's details which I as a landsman can not comprehend. Jabez Crowther attends to the ship's business in port and all the accounts are kept in his legible handwriting.

Had I the time I might interest my readers by narrating in what manner these two old sea-dogs quelled a serious mutiny in the South Atlantic, when they hung two ringleaders to the main yard-arm of the ship *Andaman*. Their account of the destruction of the bark *Georgius Secundus* near the Ladrone Islands, in 1775, is long but graphic. She took fire from a sailor's tobacco pipe, the powder magazine exploded and the whole after portion of the ship was blown to the winds. Of nineteen hands on board, eight only escaped, these scrambled aboard the yawl, and after two days' rowing reached a small island, where they were rejoiced to find the British sloop-of-war *Porcupine*, taking in fresh water, in which they secured a retreat. Crowther saved his journal and at his leisure made a long tale of the disaster. This journal has over three hundred pages closely filled with tales of the briny sea waves. In warm summer da

I find myself picking out the accounts of wintry gales, and of trips to Canada, Iceland and Norway. When the north wind blows the snow in swirls during long winter nights, I open the ancient volume and read of the voyages to the sunny tropics, and descriptions of lonely islands where the wooded peaks descend abruptly to the blue water, where calmness and stillness reign supreme in one perpetual summer, which pre-shadows the endlessness of the bright life beyond.

Good and honest boon companions were Jeremiah and Jabez, and faithfully did they keep their journal; their labors I appreciate and deem myself fortunate in the ownership of their interesting records. I shall bequeath it to my children, to be preserved at all

hazards for the sake of the quaint collaborators, if for no other reason.

NOTE. — The *Fanshawe* mentioned above carried her fruit trees to Barbados in 1776. In 1787 Admiral Bligh set sail from Otaheite in the British sloop-of-war *Bounty*. She was carrying fruit trees to Jamaica and other West India islands. When near the Friendly Islands the crew, under the leadership of Fletcher Christian, mutinied and set Bligh and his officers adrift in an open boat. After sailing for 4,000 miles, Bligh landed at Timor. He returned to England, and in 1781 sailed in the *Providence* for the Pacific and succeeded in carrying out the scheme in which he failed while in the *Bounty*. Bligh introduced many valuable trees and fruits into the West India islands, thus wedding the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## EAST COAST BETHEL.

BY REV. H. T. MILLER.

Perhaps the richest harvest in Bethel operations has been gathered from the shores of the North Sea. For seventy-five years Bethel flags have been the Sunday bunting in many a harbor. One reason why so rich a harvest has been gathered from Yarmouth to Aberdeen has been the domestic quality of our seamen. Men made short voyages as a rule. The Baltic ports, not to mention seal and whale fisheries, employed thousands of men, who sailed many a time on a fortnight's trip and were safe in harbor again. The port of Hull, perhaps, better than any other, *nurtured* her seamen. She stands unrivalled, as we think, in almshouses for old tars, married or widowed or widows, the Hull

Trinity House spending its thousands of pounds a year in the help of the aged and in the instruction of boys.

In the summer of '48 it was my privilege to lend a hand in Bethel meetings; every evening the Bethel flag would be flying at some mast-head in the port of Cronstadt, in Russia, and the evenings were evenings indeed—daylight till nearly eleven o'clock. Our meetings were usually held in a half-filled hold, with clean deals for seats and floor, and on one occasion I remember as many as nineteen sailors engaged in prayer.

The whaling trade of Hull is a grand chapter in Bethel operations. On one occasion as many as thirty vessels were beset in the



ice within a distance of three miles, and on the Bethel flag being hoisted on board the *Cambrian*, of Hull, men came in companies over the ice from different ships, until a congregation of between 500 and 600 men was gathered for public worship. The report adds: "Such scenes as these, amid eternal snow and ice, were never before witnessed on board our ships."

The old floating chapel calls up many precious memories, and her history is well illuminated. For thirty years she lay in her berth in the corner of the Junction dock, and if her sheathing had been put on with copper nails she might have been there yet. In 1850 she was ordered to be repaired, and fearing she might not come back, as it was my turn to preach, I took the text, "Of Zion it shall be said that this and that man was born in her." This was on September 15, 1850.

Her record is on high.

### Be Ye Separate.

In certain tropical seas there is a kind of fish which at first view has every semblance of sea grass. It is never found in the open sea, but hides itself in the midst of marine vegetation. Its head grows downward, resembling the bulb of a plant; while the body and tail extend upward. Taking on the color of its surroundings, and swaying back and forth as does the sea grass, with the motion of the waves and currents, the disguise is quite complete. How very much like is this remarkable fish to certain Christians, whose lives differ so little in appearance from the world that one would never suspect they professed a higher life! In their business they follow the questionable methods of the

world. In their amusements they seek much the same ends that worldlings do. They are swayed back and forth with the shifting tides of worldly desires. The only way they put on Christ before the world is by attending church occasionally, and paying their pew-rent. They never are heard to confess their Master before men, no matter how much His name be reviled, or His cause be misrepresented. They engage in no aggressive Christian work. They keep the fact that they belong to the church as quiet as possible. Apparently their Bible is a misprint, and Romans 12:2 must read to them, "*Be ye conformed to this world.*" The opposite is the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

### The Anchor.

Dr. Neale says "Cast thy burden on Him in the same way that the ship in a storm casts her burden on the anchor, which anchor holds on to its sure fixing-place." And to my mind that is the more beautiful sense, a sense, which once entered into, may be followed out in these glorious verses:

And I see the good ship riding, all in a  
perilous road;  
The low reef booming on her lee; the  
swell of ocean poured.  
Sea after sea, from stem to stern; the  
mainmast by the board;  
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone;  
the boats stove by the chains;  
But courage still, brave mariners! the  
ANCHOR yet remains;  
And he will flinch—no, never an inch,  
until ye pitch sky high;  
Then he moves his head, as if he said,  
"Fear naught, for here am I."

—Ferguson.

## GENOA HARBOR MISSION AND SAILOR'S REST.

BY REV. C. A. STODDARD, D.D.

One of the most interesting things to me in Genoa was the Genoa Harbor Mission. On Sunday I had found my way to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, where my friend, the Rev. Donald Miller, D. D., lives and labors. The manse is in the same building as the church, and is a delightful home, where, on that pleasant Sabbath, I was made one of the family. When Dr. Miller asked me to preach in the church I asked to be allowed to talk to the sailors in the evening instead, and so it was arranged. As a traveller by sea for many years, I have learned something of sailors, and of their ways and manners of thought; and as a director of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY—that most useful and efficient American institution for the care and relief of sailors—I have heard much about the work which is done by this and other similar societies in home and foreign ports. The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY aids in supporting the Sailor's Rest in Genoa, and I felt at home in this well appointed and thoroughly useful place. It is, as all such Homes should be, in a prominent place down among the wharves and the shipping. One of the missionaries of the Rest is an old sea captain, while his assistant is a Norwegian who is thoroughly acquainted with Scandinavians who form a large proportion of the seamen of to-day. Rev. Donald Miller is the superintendent and general director of the work, and there could not be a more competent, devoted and successful man for such a position. The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND

SOCIETY contributes three hundred dollars annually to aid in carrying on the work. The British and Foreign Sailors' Society gives nearly as much. The Bergen, Norway, Seamen's Mission Society gives something, and the balance required is made up by private gifts and by collections and donations from seamen.

The whole amount spent in a year in such a mission is about four thousand dollars. The money is used to pay the missionaries and employees; to take care of the Sailor's Rest, including electric light and heating, repairs, insurance and taxes; to keep up the steam launch and to supply the incidentals of the establishment.

Some one may ask what the sailors get from the Rest. When a ship arrives in port, the steam launch comes alongside, and Captain Clucas, or his assistant, invites the men to come to the Rest. There they find a pleasant reading room in which they can read and smoke or play games; and there are social and religious gatherings, at which musical and magic lantern entertainments are provided. On Sundays the steam launch goes around to all the ships in port, and takes off such men as wish to attend the religious services, and after service at a notified time it is on hand to carry them all back again. The aggregate attendance at the Rest during the past year was more than eighteen thousand, of which about one-third was upon religious services, and the balance in the reading and recreation rooms.

On the Sunday evening when I went to the Rest, about one hun-



dred and fifty men and large boys filled the room. A man sat at the organ and led the assembly in singing from the gospel hymns. Sailors love to sing, and it was fine to hear them roll out the chorus of "Rescue the Perishing" and "Pull for the Shore," and join with a rich volume of melody in "Jesus, Lover of my soul." It was not difficult to speak to such a company, and I was much touched after the meeting by the thanks of an old tar who said: "Parson, that's the real stuff, you talked to us just as though we's men." Well, sailors are men and not brutes, and they appreciate kindness which is not patronage, and sincere friendship and Christian love all the more, because they receive so much ill-treatment, and false affection, which only courts them for their money and casts them into the gutter when that is gone.

Besides visiting the ships, gathering and placing good reading matter on board, and conducting services at the Rest, the officers visit sick sailors at the hospital, and sometimes hold Sunday services there; they secure temperance pledges, and supply those who wish them with Bibles in their own language, and assist sailors in many other ways. There are somewhat less than fifty thousand sailors in Genoa each year; half of them are English speaking, about eighteen thousand Germans and Dutch, and the rest Scandinavians. To care for such a multitude makes busy work for three men, and yet there are few ships that stay over a day that are not visited by the faithful servants of Christ who superintend and manage the Genoa Harbor Mission. The success of these calls is varied. Sometimes the shipmasters will

come to the social and religious meetings, and at other times both officers and men refuse. It is rare that the superintendent or his aids are treated rudely, but sometimes their work is sneered at and ridiculed. Extracts from the diary of Captain Clucas and Herr Farnes, the Scandinavian helper, are interesting reading, and I will give a few, culled from the last report:

"A recent incident illustrates the kind of work that has to be done, and the tact with which Herr Farnes does it. There was only one Scandinavian ship in port. No one of the crew appeared at the Sailors Rest at the hour of Sunday morning service. After waiting some time, Herr Farnes went on board, and readily obtained the captain's permission to hold service in his cabin. On going forward, however, to invite the crew, he was met with an angry refusal. The captain had been obliged to move the ship into another berth, and the men were so annoyed at having to work on Sunday, that they would not listen to reason, and Herr Farnes had to leave them. But he did not leave the ship. He waited quietly talking with the captain in the cabin till dinner hour, and when the men were gathered in the fore-castle, he joined them, and asked permission to sing some hymns while they were eating. After each hymn he made a few practical remarks on the words he had sung, and before he left he obtained a promise that they would come to the Sailors' Rest in the evening. Nearly the whole ship's company came, and after Herr Farnes had addressd them, one of their own number rose and spoke a few earnest words. The result was that a serious impression was

made. One sailor broke down and shed tears. Another apologized to the missionary for having spoken so rudely to him on board ship, and all the crew returned to their ship with calmed spirit and sweetened temper, feeling that after all there is nothing like Christianity for enabling a man to bear the strains of life whether on shore or afloat."

Captain Clucas writes under date of Sunday, October 21:

"Took several sailors and a number of passengers from the German Lloyd steamers, some I directed to the Episcopal Church, and some accompanied me to the Presbyterian Church. We are sometimes asked if we have many conversions. We feel that we are not in a position to answer that question. God knows. We preach to a new congregation every week. Many express their thanks for kindness shown to them while in the port of Genoa, and for the pleasant time they have spent at the Sailor's Rest. Some speak of their enjoyment of our religious services and willingly support the mission, but few venture to speak of religious impressions. Yet we cannot doubt that our prayers are heard and our labors blessed.

"Sunday, September 15.—The evening meeting was attended by about sixty seamen, some of whom were in the Rest for the first time, though they have been in Genoa several times before. Six shipmasters were present, and one of them handed me a contribution of fifty-four lire from his crew.

"Tuesday, October 16.—Had a long conversation with two officers about living a Christian life at sea, which they said was impossible if a man wished to keep his situation. Had also a discussion with a shipmaster about attending

a place of worship specially set apart for seamen. He said he had quite enough of sailors and firemen aboard ship without going among them on shore. Such are not the sentiments of converted shipmasters. Many promised to attend our gospel service, but few came, so that our meeting was one of the smallest we have had for some weeks.

"Tuesday, April 10.—As Good Friday occurs this week, we had our special gathering this evening. Among the hundred and fifty seamen present twenty-seven were from H. M. S. *Dolphin*, and the entertainment was more than usually varied. The temperance story, 'Buy Your Own Cherries,' was given with magic lantern illustrations—the lantern being lighted by a powerful electric arc lamp. Tea and cake were served, and the men enjoyed themselves so much, that they would willingly have remained till midnight.

"Sunday, April 14.—This has been to me a day of much encouragement, though rain prevented several sailors attending morning service, who had promised to do so. In the evening we had the joy of seeing above four-score men at the Rest. The hearts of all who take an interest in the spiritual welfare of seamen would have been gladdened to hear the hearty way in which the hymns were sung, and to see with what rapt attention the sermon was listened to. The service was conducted by an American Presbyterian missionary on his way home from China.

"Thursday, July 19. — Our social meeting was held this evening instead of Friday to meet the wishes of many of our friends, who expect to sail on Friday. I was astonished to see about one hun-



dred men assemble after a hard day's work under a scorching sun, and I could not help thinking that it was an evidence that our efforts to make the social gatherings in our Sailor's Rest profitable as well as pleasant are appreciated."

Such records speak volumes for the value of the work done for sailors at the Harbor Mission in Genoa. The same kind of work is carried on by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of this city in Antwerp and Hamburg and other continental seaports, and at the principal seaports of the United States. Our society is also the only one, so far as I know, which provides loan libraries for

vessels. It places a box of forty books on board of each vessel for which twenty dollars is contributed. These libraries go upon their beneficent errands until they are too dilapidated and worn to be useful, and then the donor can start a new one. Sunday schools and churches and many individuals contribute annually to this library fund, and more than ten thousand libraries have been sent out by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Such a charity appeals to a wide circle of travelers besides the special friends of those who go down to the sea in ships.—*New York Observer*.

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### THE BIBLE AT PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Away in the South Pacific, just below the Tropic of Capricorn, and about midway between Australia and South America, lies the little island called Pitcairn. Out of the path of ships, it is seldom visited, and until within a few years almost nothing was known of its history. Even to-day the majority of readers have scarcely heard of its existence. And yet few spots on the earth contain so much of romantic interest, of wonderful evolution from savagery to Christian civilization, as does this island.

The story of a little more than a century must be briefly condensed in this article, although many columns would scarcely suffice to outline all that pertains to it. In the year 1789, the English Government, wishing to raise bread-fruit in the West Indies, fitted out the ship *Bounty* for the purpose of transplanting a cargo of young trees from Tahiti to that point. All went outwardly well un-

til the laden vessel sailed away from Tahiti with its cargo. When a few days out at sea, the dissatisfaction which had been secretly spreading among the crew, on account of the brutality of the captain, culminated in open mutiny. The commander and his adherents, to the number of eighteen, were given a limited supply of wood and fresh water, and set adrift in an open boat. After suffering many hardships, they were rescued by a passing vessel and taken back to England.

The mutineers returned to Tahiti, where a number chose to remain. Eight of the most daring among them retained possession of the *Bounty*, and, taking several native men and women on board, set sail for some remote and unknown spot, where they might remain in hiding. This proved to be Pitcairn Island, so named from its discoverer, who early in the last century first gave it to the world.

Its rocky and almost inaccessible sides rise to the uniform height of 1,000 feet above the sea, Point Lookout, the highest peak, being 1,109 feet. It is two and a quarter miles long by one and a half miles wide, and about five miles in circumference at the top, which alone is inhabitable.

Here the mutineers and their companions disembarked, and taking everything available from the ship, burned all traces of the *Bounty* and took possession. They found signs of a prehistoric race in rude figures cut upon the rocks and implements which had served an unknown people.

Eleven years later we look again at this strange colony, and learn that their lives, up to this time, had been dissolute in the extreme. Every known crime had been committed without restraint. The mutineers had murdered the Tahitian men and taken the women for wives. Of the eight mutineers all but one had died. John Adams, sometimes called Alexander Smith, was sole survivor and leader of the colony, which consisted at this time of the native women and twenty-three children.

This was in the year 1800. Adams was possessed of much strength of character, and upon realizing the condition of the people, suddenly turned from his evil ways, and, like Saul of Tarsus, devoted the remainder of his life to making restitution. Adams died in 1829.

Most provisionally, among the effects saved from the *Bounty* was a Bible and a prayer-book. With these mighty weapons Adams set about a reformation. From these two books he taught the children to read, instilled into their minds religious principles, and, in short, laid the foundation of a Christian

civilization which in many ways compares favorably with our own.

All efforts on the part of England to find the missing mutineers having failed, the islanders remained undisturbed for twenty years. In 1808, Captain Folger, of the American ship *Topaz*, while cruising in the South Pacific, sighted Pitcairn. Approaching it, he was amazed to find English-speaking natives, who hailed him from their boats with an invitation to land. Captain Folger was much impressed with the intelligence, simplicity and kindness of the people. Nothing more was known of them until 1814, when they were visited by two English ships. Great fears were entertained by the islanders that John Adams would be taken back to England to answer for the mutiny, but he was allowed to remain. Other ships have visited Pitcairn from time to time since then, some of them driven in by shipwreck, and others sent out by individuals or governments. Occasionally some alien has been allowed to become a resident, and in this way useful knowledge has been imparted.

The island, being semi-tropical, bears abundance of fruits and vegetables. Oranges, figs, bananas, bread-fruit, yams, cocoanuts and sweet potatoes, are staples. The native flora is luxuriant, but not varied. Animal life is mostly confined to wild goats, sea-birds and domestic fowls. There is only a limited supply of fresh water at Pitcairn, which in time must force emigration. At last account the population was one hundred and thirty-six, two-thirds of whom were under sixteen years of age. Physically the islanders are healthy, well-developed specimens of the race, inheriting more



of the Anglo-Saxon characteristics than the Tahitian, both in complexion and features, though by the law of atavism an occasional native shows a strong family likeness to the South Sea islanders of unmixed blood. While living harmoniously as one community, intermarried, and related by ties of nature and religion, each family has its separate home, the only public buildings being the chapel and school-house combined and the mission-house.

From the days of John Adams until recently the form of government at Pitcairn was patriarchal, and vested in one man, who made and administered the laws. At present the island is governed by a parliament consisting of seven men. Of these the chief magistrate is elected every New Year's Day, both sexes being voters upon attaining the age of seventeen years. The other six members are heads of families, and are either chosen or appointed to office.

The dominant characteristics of this remarkable people center round their religious life. From 1800 down to 1884, the liturgy and forms of the Episcopal Church were rigidly observed in public worship, although the doctrine of the Adventists had obtained a foothold at Pitcairn. In the latter year the entire community went over to the Adventists, who have since that time sent annual missionary supplies, teachers, school-books, etc., to the island.

From the date of Adam's conversion through all subsequent experiences the home life of the people has been devoutly spiritual. Morning and evening prayers, grace at meals, attendance at Sunday service, prayer-meetings and Sunday-school are universally observed. The children know little

about money or its uses, as only a few coins are left now and then by passing ships in payment for fruit and vegetables. But these are sacredly hoarded to send out again into the world to help carry the Bible into other lands. Wonderful descendants of heathen mothers and sinful fathers! what would their condition be now but for the lone copy of that same Bible saved from the sea?

Communication with the outside world by means of letters is infrequent and depends entirely upon chance. Sometimes a ship is seen approaching from the north, and the islanders say, "We shall hear this time *via* San Francisco, only four thousand miles away." Then again the route lies across both the great oceans and mail comes and goes by Europe. An exchange of letters once a year, between Pitcairn and either country, constitutes a brisk correspondence.

The writer of this article has corresponded for the last six years with one of the fourth generation of islanders. Her letters are beautifully written in faultless English and show her to be a most intelligent woman, albeit her life has been spent in tiny, isolated Pitcairn. She is a devoted member of the order of King's Daughters, having received the badge through the present writer. Of it she writes:

"Many thanks for the silver cross. I have it fastened on a purple ribbon and wear it every day. It never fails to remind me of the Christian sisterhood in distant lands, and also of the motive that should inspire our every action."

In another vein is the following extract from a letter dated January 21, 1895:

"This morning I am sitting out of doors while half the island lies in shadow, as the sun is only just fairly risen.

"The fresh morning breeze is refreshingly delightful, and all nature is rejoicing in the perfect beauty of this lovely morning. The sunshine bathes the surrounding hills to the west and is just imparting quickened life to the cocoanut grove by tinging with its fresh golden light the ever-

waving graceful plumes of the cocoanut palm.

"How I love nature!"

Interesting as is the narrative of Pitcairn Island from its secular side, the superlative point touches Isaiah's splendid prophecy, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—*M. E. Walling in The Sunday School Times.*

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### ON BOARD THE "WELLINGTON."

[Change the flag and one or two minor accessories, and the following picture might be painted from an American ship.—Ed.]

It was on the lovely forenoon of a bright autumnal Sunday that we drew near the good ship *Wellington*, bound for New Zealand. She had passengers on board, many of whom we could see from the boat, leaning over the side of the vessel.

We made fast to a rope which was slung to us, and got our boat-hook into an eyebolt as a second string: leaving my two men for the present in the boat, I clambered somehow on deck—either by a rope or by grasping projecting bolts or bumpkins.

My intention was, if possible, to hold service on board this ship, so that all on board might be gathered together to public worship on their last Sunday in sight of England.

Sunday services thus began are sometimes continued the whole voyage, and at any rate they produce a deep and sometimes a lasting impression if held even only once, by the chaplain. "Service," said one captain to me, "helps the men to remember they are not brutes."

I waited for a few moments unnoticed, on the great roomy deck, and I saw aft the break of the poop, on the quarter-deck, many of the passengers on deck chairs, or walking up and down. I then obtained an interview with the captain, told him my business, and suggested divine service on deck, it being Sunday morning, and their last Sunday for a while in England.

"Go," said he, "and tell the first mate, and we'll have service."

I soon enlisted the aid of the first mate. Mounting to the quarter-deck, I told the passengers, most of whom welcomed the idea with joy as an unexpected blessing. I went forward to the men, and then to the apprentices, all of whom consented to come, and, indeed, came at once, to aid in rigging up for church service.

All mustered on the main deck, under such shelter from the sun as boats, etc., in their position overhead, and the poop deck aft afforded. The British red ensign was spread on the capstan; chairs



were set, and seats, each composed of a plank on three buckets, were rigged up all round.

All the passengers—men, and women, and children—came; the captain, mates, apprentices, and the motley crowd of men before the mast, of several nationalities and dressed in many colors, seventy or eighty souls in all, all assembled and joined in the Litany, with which the service began. Hymns were sung, such as “Rock of Ages,” “When I survey the wondrous cross,” and “Jesus, lover of my soul.” And then the text (John 6, 35) was given out, amidst a silence which could be felt.

The surroundings of the scene were most admirable. The glorious blue sky was arched above, the swift-winged breezes hummed gently through the lofty rigging, the thousand facelets of each blue billow reflected back the sun's rays, and you could hear the countless rippling of the waves of the sea, as the immortal words were read out:

“Jesus said, I am the bread of life. He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.” Such were the simplicity and depth of the sacred words, and the pathos of the scene, that tears rolled down the cheeks of many an outward-bound passenger.

Service over and the last hymn

sung, the first mate came up to me, and with many kind words, not to be repeated, finally said good-bye to me in these words, “God bless you, sir. Thank you for the language of every-day life, and the simplicity with which you spoke;” and with an iron grasp, which nearly wrenched my hand off, he whispered with a trembling voice, “Thank you for the gospel.”

And I replied:

“I love to tell the story, for those who know it best

Are hungering and thirsting to hear it,  
like the rest.”

Leaving this noble ship, we returned to the boat and set sail for another vessel.

Regular church services such as this had been, with all the decent formalities, are not always possible in the Downs.

Stowing a shifted cargo, setting up the rigging, bending a new sail, getting an anchor and chain on board, or other necessary business, often renders such a service impossible.

But in no other trade, and among no other class, is it so often or so easily possible to get a number of working men together to hear the message of salvation, and for public worship, on week-days as well as Sunday, as it is among sailors.—*Rev. T. S. Treanor, in the Cottage.*

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### LIFE'S VOYAGE.

In how many ways does the voyage through life resemble that of the mariner.

Both are sailing for some port.

Both have difficulties to contend with and dangers to avoid.

A mariner on life's ocean may

be baffled and blinded by a fog of unbelief and thus lose his way and get shipwrecked. Maybe another, starting with the full intention of making the heavenly port, meets with tempests, some temptation that it seems almost impossible to

resist, or trouble that seems to drive him to despair.

Many men, who hope to get to heaven at last, spring a leak on the voyage; some little sin begins the damage, and, often indulged in, a leak is made that lets in a sea of trouble and sorrow. Beware of little sins!

And let us not overload ourselves, in our voyage over life's sea, with the cares and anxieties of this world. Many a one has come to wreck through doing so. He has filled himself with business cares and anxieties, or with pleasure and worldliness, sin and folly, till he has been well-nigh sinking, and then he has wondered that at the first storm he encountered he was wrecked. Let the mariner who sails for heaven ask the Master to load him with spiritual gifts, and to fill him with the Holy Spirit—no fear of shipwreck then.

And mind not to let the ballast shift. Once being well ballasted with knowledge of what is right, and desires to do the right, don't let it shift. Many a good vessel has heeled over and become a total wreck for want of care in this respect; don't neglect to look to the ballast, and it can only be kept in place by well packing it with prayer and faith.

Not a few vessels have gone to the bottom through being unseaworthy; they haven't been able to stand the slightest cat's paw, nor to encounter a moderate sea. But never a man starts on the voyage of life but what, if he sails according to orders, and trusts, not in himself, but in the great Master, may overcome all difficulties, and at last reach the quiet, peaceful haven for which he sailed.

Heaven is the port we hope to reach, Jesus is the Master, and the

Bible our chart. Those that we see around us, who are making shipwrecks of their souls, should be beacons to guard us from following in their course. Let us, then, watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. Let us have Jesus for our friend, and the Holy Spirit always abiding in us, and we need fear no weather, be it calm or rough.

"With Christ in the vessel we'll smile at the storm."

—G. H. S., in *Friendly Greetings*.

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### The Power of Ideas.

The following touching and felicitous illustration of the power of ideas was given by Wendell Phillips in a public speech in New York:

"I was told to-day a story so touching in reference to this that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one morning she said: Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will not drink. And, said he, for he told me the story—I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over, Calcutta, and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South—I saw them all in 40 years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate on the green hillside of Vermont did not rise before



me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word?—Yet that was not half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty years, and asked me, “Do you know me?” “No.” “Well,” said he, “I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never known a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York; and I came to ask you to call and see me.” How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother’s word, on the green hillsides of Vermont! O, God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!”

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### Steering by Soundings.

Not only, nor always by the stars. That is the lesson of the stranded steamships on our coasts, one of which lies at this writing abandoned on the shore of Long Island; the other, after ten days of helplessness on the Jersey coast, brought off just in time to save our finest American liner from the fury of last Monday’s tempest. Expert seamanship includes to-day a knowledge of the ground under the sea. A Sound pilot once saved a steamer at night, sinking in a furious rain-storm and almost utter darkness, by feeling his way into a harbor with the plummet. That is the value of looking down wisely and at the proper time. “Off soundings” the way is found

by the star. Nearing the coast, wise men “heave the lead” to find what is down below. So with our Christian walk and service among men. We coast along the world, and plain sailing by the star courses is rather exceptional proceeding. When a good thing is to be done, the best practicable way to do it is still a great question, and if we undertake to reach our end by a straight line, we shall “take the ground,” and have to be pulled off, or never start again. Practical and practicable Christian work is steering amid rocks and shoals. Ideal courses of right must ever be cherished, but they can seldom be followed out with success just as one may conceive them.

Good and true men come to grief by drawing ideal lines of conduct and driving along them without taking note of the shoals or shores on which they will strike, the sands in which they will stick, or the other good men and women over whom they will run roughshod with cruel injury and injustice. Like a steamship, one may go too fast and too far on a right course. For there comes a time, a crisis, when the right course shifts its direction and righteousness itself requires a change. The reversal of an originally right course, at the proper time, is simply drawing back the ship from the shallows. So the parable of these stranded ships becomes a lesson in wisdom, courage and charity.—*The Evangelist.*

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### The Stoke Hole.

The high temperature of the stokehole is well known to be one of the greatest drawbacks to steam service at sea, and its terrors are told to the imagination in the

occasional attempts of firemen on the liners to throw themselves overboard. In the Yalu fight, according to Commander McGiffin, firemen were permanently blinded on his ship by the temperature to which the fire room rose.

As a remedy the *Army and Navy Journal* proposes to make the body its own refrigerator by directing a stream of warm dry air upon it, while the men drink freely, preferably of cool barley water. The body should be as nearly nude as the radiation from the furnace will permit. The theory is that the true object is to cool the man's skin and not his lungs, and that for the former purpose the introduction of cold air is not only useless, but detrimental. On the other hand, if air warmed in a close conduit where it receives no moisture is thrown upon the men, and they drink freely, the dry hot air will, it is said, give them much more comfort than cold moist air. Chief Engineer Melville speaks of this plan as admirable, the one great objection to it being its occupation of space by the number of pipes required in the fire room, while it also does not provide for the men in the bunkers. It is suggested, however, that warmed air could be turned on by means of a pipe containing an electric fan. At all events, the system of individual refrigeration, as distinct from room ventilation, is striking, and its possible application to steamships will no doubt call much attention to it.—*New York Sun*.

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### Navy Recruits.

IN answer to the statement that the government is finding difficulty in enlisting men, Rear Admiral

Ramsey, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, gives these figures: In 1892 4,515 men and 830 apprentices were enlisted. The same year 1,061 men and 1,460 boys who applied for entrance into the service were rejected. The following year 4,350 men and 646 apprentices were enlisted and 5,969 men and 1,177 boys were rejected. In 1894 a total of 15,318 persons applied for enlistment into the naval service, 6,318 more than the law then allowed. Of those making applications only 4,525, 561 of whom were apprentices, were enlisted. The figures for the last fiscal year give equally as good a showing.

"You can see," said the Admiral, "that we can afford to be very particular in making selections, and a man or boy, in order to get into the service, must be A1 in every respect. We are now doing everything in our power to make the navy strictly American, and in order to attain this result we are enlisting men only who have the requisite physical qualifications and character and who can produce evidence of their citizenship. We are obtaining large numbers of applications for enlistment, but unless the applicants are first-rate men we reject them. No advances are made to boarding-house keepers for bringing men to receiving ships for enlistment, and any evidence of their crimping system is sufficient for the immediate rejection of the applicant. Strict orders have been issued to recruiting officers to in no way incur expense in enlisting men. In consequence all men in the navy are there of their own free will, and every cent of their pay is delivered to them and not to any promoter of the 'crimping system.' The men in the navy



are better treated and have lighter work than in any other service in the world. I have heard, and have good reasons for believing it to be true, that there is a great deal of harshness displayed in the merchant service toward the men. But that has nothing whatever to do with the navy."—*Army and Navy Journal*.

### Then and Now.

Fifty years ago all ocean ships were built of wood, propelled by sails, and maneuvered by manual labor; the material limited their length, which did not often exceed 100 feet, and the number of ships of over 500 tons burden was comparatively small. In the modern ships steam power takes the place of manual labor. It rolls the plates of which the ship is constructed, bends them to the required shape, cuts, drills and rivets them in their place. It weighs the anchor; it propels the ship in spite of winds or currents, it steers, ventilates and lights the ship when on the ocean. It takes the cargo on board and discharges it on arrival. The use of iron favors the construction of ships of a large size, of forms which afford small resistance to the water, and with compartments which make the ships practically unsinkable in heavy seas or by collision. Their size, the economy with which they are propelled, and the certainty of their arrival, cheapen the cost of transport. The steam engine, by compressing air, gives us control over the temperature of cool chambers. In these not only fresh meat but the delicate produce of the Antipodes is brought across the ocean to our doors without deterioration. While railways have done much to alter the social conditions of each individual nation,

the application of iron and steam to our ships is revolutionizing the international commercial conditions of the world; and it is gradually changing the course of our agriculture as well as of our domestic life.—*The Marine Journal*.

### Old Peter.

Peter was an old sailor. Once his vessel was struck by lightning and one of his shipmates was killed. It sobered Peter. It made him think of the day of judgment. He went to his chest and took out his Bible. "I want to find the Pilot that can weather me through the storm," said Peter; "it's scary business, shipmates, on a lee shore, with the rocks of our sins right 'longside, and hell yawning not far off."

Peter took to his Bible. He did not make much headway till he came into port and went straight to the Bethel.

"I want to find the good Pilot," said Peter to the minister, after the service.

"The great Captain of salvation, Jesus Christ? He is here. He's nigh to every poor sinner that calls upon Him."

"I'm one on 'em," said Peter, with tears, "and I want to ship in His service. I am pretty near waterlogged in my sins and I'm drifting to perdition. I want the Pilot that went to the fishing smack of Galilee and said to the skipper, when he was well nigh sinking, 'It is I, be not afraid.' How shall I get at Him?"

"Down on your knees and pray; tell Him just how you feel and just what you want, and don't give up or put off till you find Him."

Peter and the minister knelt down to pray in the Bethel, for the people had gone, and Peter cried mightily

to the Lord, "Save, Lord, or I perish." From that time Peter was a new man. "Don't put it off," he used to say, Testament in hand. "Breakers ahead, your anchors won't hold; don't put it off." "I am not so bad as you think," said one. "You are bad enough," cried old Peter. "The best sinner on earth is too bad for heaven. A storm is brewing. Hail the great Pilot. Don't put it off. Ship in God's service, boys, and don't put it off."—*Christian Treasury*.

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### The Life Line.

A night of terror and danger, because of their ignorance, was spent by the crew of a vessel off the coast of New Jersey, "once upon a time."

Just before dark a bark was discovered drifting helplessly, and soon struck her bows so that she was made fast on a bar, and in momentary danger of going down.

A line was shot over the rigging

of the wreck by a life-saving crew, but the sailors did not understand that it was a line connecting them with the shore that they might seize and escape. All signs failed to make them understand this. So all night the bark lay with the big waves dashing over it; while the crew, drenched and shivering and terrified, shouted for help.

In the morning they discovered how unnecessarily they had suffered and how all night there was a line right within their reach by which they might have been saved.

This is an illustration of many a soul on life's stormy sea. Tossed and wave-beaten, they cry for mercy. God's answer is immediate. His mercy and grace are ever just within reach; but how often, failing to appreciate that "the Word is nigh us," we spend hours of anxiety and pain, when we might have at once reached out and caught hold of the Divine and loving Hand!

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

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### At Stations on the Foreign Field.

#### Belgium.

##### ANTWERP.

Capt. C. H. GRANT, of the S. S. *New York*, called at this office to testify in warm terms to the work of Mr. ADAMS. Ed.

Rev. J. ADAMS writes on February 3:

The year just brought to a close has been full of blessing and encouragement. Disappointments and discouragements we have had, but at the same time we have had more evidences of spiritual success than in any previous year. Many have expressed appreciation of our work and testified to benefit received. Among other evidences of the Spirit's presence

and power is the fact that twelve persons have made a public confession of Christ, whilst a larger number still have been under conviction of sin. Their stay being brief, we have not been able to chronicle definite results. We follow them with our prayers, believing that He who "hath begun a good work in them will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." We earnestly seek God's continued presence among us and give Him thanks for all past blessings.

In every other respect also we rejoice in steady prosperity. The attendance at our Sunday and week day services is decidedly good. The latter has risen from an average of eight in 1894 to an average of twenty during 1895, and that not only



once a week as formerly, but twice a week. The reading room, which is exceedingly well supplied with current literature, is largely attended and is a boon to hundreds of sailors of various nationalities who are in this port. Hundreds of letters have been received and posted for seamen, and many have been aided in distress and counselled in difficulty. We can justly claim to have done a good work in ministering to the temporal necessities of sailors.

We have held a series of fortnightly social gatherings, which have been greatly appreciated by a fair number of men in the port. On December 30, 1895, we held our annual tea for sailors. One hundred and ten came into tea, and altogether about two hundred were at the after meeting, at which various woolen articles, etc., were distributed, each sailor carrying away some useful memento of his visit to the institute.

Thus we labor for the moral and spiritual welfare of seamen coming to Antwerp. Whatever we do, we do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Work done in His name cannot be a failure.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 8, all others, 1,332; number of religious services held in chapel, 116; attendance of seamen at religious services, 5,900, of others, 2,874; religious visits made to hospitals, 20, on ships, &c., 1,543, in boarding-houses, 1; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 5, tracts, etc., 2,878.

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### Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. FRANK THOMPSON writes on January 12:

This mission has had nothing in its previous history like the last quarter. The Bethel ship has been more like a bee hive than anything else. Every seat taken, and large numbers sitting around the open hatch on the upper deck, who could not get seats below; and this Sunday after Sunday; as many as thirty boats would be swinging at our booms at one time, the men who came in them all tentively listening to the gospel. The way to deal with sailors is to be direct and simple, and aim at immediate results, for you cannot be sure of having the same audience twice in a life time. I told Christ, the Saviour, before them all one time, and press them to receive by

faith His finished work; no beating about the bush; and with seamen this can be done more successfully than with any other class of men. I meet with a gratified response from many, and indeed all seem to appreciate the earnest, sincere, direct appeal. I never felt more encouraged with the work here.

Number of American ships, etc., in port since last statement, 3, all others, 101; number of religious services held in Bethel, 13, in hospital, 9, elsewhere, 7; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 150, of others, 13; religious visits made to hospitals, 21, on ships, etc., 203; in boarding-houses, 9; tracts, books, papers and magazines distributed, 1,887.

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### Argentine Republic.

ROSARIO.

Capt. F. ERIKSSON writes on January 28:

The past year has been one of great blessing, not only to my own soul, but also to those who have so kindly assisted me. The Holy Spirit is still leading men to see the error of their ways and to find peace in believing.

On New Year's day we gave a social tea to which all the sailors in port were invited; over two hundred sat down; after which we held a large meeting and concert. Rev. J. H. KEELEY, of the American Church, kindly presided, and Mr. H. MALTER, the British consul, made a very telling speech. Altogether, the meeting was a great success, and broke up about half-past ten, after which we attended the watch-night service.

Number of American ships, &c., in port since last statement, 6, all others, 109; religious services held in chapel, 52, elsewhere, 10; religious visits made to hospitals, 27; tracts, &c., distributed, 3,100.

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### Madeira.

FUNCHAL.

Mr. W. G. SMART writes on January 6:

We have had an unexpected visit from the U. S. S. *Lancaster*. We were very kindly received by Rev. THOMAS GILL, the chaplain. We gave away a number of tracts and religious publications, and had conversations with many of the men, who were not allowed on shore.

## At Ports in the United States.

## New York.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

Mr. J. M. Wood writes on February 29:

I think the sweetest and most blessed portion of my work comes through the channels of correspondence, and I can safely affirm from experience that a tender, Christian letter, pointing out the way of salvation, sent in a spirit of prayer and with a yearning for souls, has been used time and time again by the Holy Spirit in reaching the hearts of men and convicting them of sin, where all other means have failed. Especially has this been proven true among the men of the navy, as scores of their letters to me will attest. Among the most cherished of my earthly possessions are several large bundles containing hundreds of letters from all parts of the world confirming these statements. This part of my work has grown to such immense proportions that it is a physical impossibility to keep in touch with all those who come under the influence of the Cob Dock meetings, which I would like to do, and the only practical solution of this problem is to issue in an attractive form for distribution on board every vessel in our navy, monthly illustrated letters, or quarterly, similar in conception to those used by Miss AGNES E. WESTON, with such signal success in her work in the British Navy, but on different lines; I would gladly undertake the writing of these letters, if the Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY would authorize their publication, and I am praying that some great hearted friend of the cause will provide the necessary funds for this purpose. In connection with Mrs. Wood's musical popularity among the men I am sure God would greatly bless this publication, and that they would be eagerly read and sought after and do incalculable good. A new navy yard gate on Sands Street is in process of construction, and another very urgent need is a Home at its entrance for the temporal and spiritual interests of the men of the navy, not a home in name, but a home indeed. In these times of great financial depression and depletion of the treasuries of all the societies for the elevation and christianization of poor humanity, the outlook from a human standpoint is discouraging for the fruition of these hopes, but God always opens a way, and abiding His time, it shall surely come to pass.

Letters which follow are dated from Foochow, China, Montevideo, Uruguay, Africa, Newport News, Va., and Fort Monroe, Va.:

"I know I can address you as a brother for we, the band of Christian Endeavorers, sing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' and the tie that binds us together is love for our Lord Jesus Christ. I joined the Navy Temperance Union while at the Cob Dock on June 26, 1893, and am very sorry to say I broke my promise. Shortly after leaving New York I took to drinking, not much, but it was increasing all the time, and in another year I would have been a drunkard. I was transferred to this ship a few months ago, and I thank God there was a band of Endeavorers aboard, and I joined them a few weeks ago, and now I know that I am saved through the blood of the Lamb."

"Thank you very much for your encouraging letter, it cheers me greatly to receive them, for they have been a blessing to me. I am sure God will greatly bless you and your dear wife in all your labors for Him. Brother, I can't thank God enough for all His goodness to the poor, simple man, the way He has blessed Bro. — and myself on board this battleship is something wonderful, although the old devil is trying to discourage me in more ways than one, but thank God I can say His grace has been sufficient. The crew can't but acknowledge that God is helping us. My desire is not only to talk about this religion, but to *live* to life outright here among them, to make my life a silent sermon, and that is what I am trying to do, the best way I know how. God is going to save souls on this ship. When you see men reading the word of God on board and inquiring after their souls' welfare, the Holy Spirit is at work. We have quite a number of backsliders here. Pray that God won't give them any peace until they come back to their forgiving Father. When the Philadelphia the Christian ladies there presented the ship's company with an organ, and we have a brother who plays it to the glory of God, and it makes the meetings go with a swing. I do wish I could have Mrs. Wood here to sing for us. What a glorious time we would have. We believe that you are both here in spirit, because I feel your prayers. Thank God for them. 'Wherewithall shall the young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word'



With my whole heart have I sought thee: Let me not wander from Thy commandments. Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee. Blessed are thou, O Lord: teach me Thy statutes.' Psalm 119. May God bless and guide you both is my prayer."

"We expect to go to sea in a few days with a naval board of inspection, to have a regular routine of drill, etc., then to Port Royal, S. C., and after that to New York. We are passing through some troubled waters just now, and pray that Jesus may pilot us safely through. We are having our meetings just as regular as possible, and God is wonderfully blessing our feeble efforts in trying to lead lost souls to Christ. I miss you all very much. How I do long to come to those Cob Dock meetings again and speak for the Master. I can testify so much better than I used to; for I have become better acquainted with Jesus, and have found out more about Him."

"My patience and faith are tested to the utmost capacity on board here. I would blush to let you see my temper sometimes when I am brought low down and complaining, as the prophet after his flight to the desert. God also sends His angel to me to strengthen and raise me up again. With best regards to yourself and wife. Pray for me."

"Who can describe my delight upon receiving your welcome letter? I enjoyed refreshing spiritual times while at Cape Town, Africa. I had some glorious times at the Soldiers' Home there, and was received very cordially by the British soldiers. Although representing two nations not always in accord on earthly matters, yet we felt we were all together in Christ Jesus. I was greatly blessed every time I went to their meetings. All hail the power of Jesus' name, who can so unite His followers. I met one Christian Endeavor Society at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Somerset Road, and there are some Endeavorers at the Soldiers' Home. So you see there are some Christian Endeavorers even in Africa. May God bless your faithful labors for Him, and may His kingdom increase in our navy and throughout the world."

Directly underneath the hall where our services are held there is a naval prison, averaging from six to twelve inmates. A new phase of the work here came to my notice a few weeks ago, when a young

man arose in one of our meetings, stating he had just been released from confinement extending over a period of three months, and that while in his cell listening to the songs and testimony at our services, which, he said, could be distinctly heard, his heart was touched, and he resolved then and there to serve Christ. He also stated that the meeting nights were looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by the prisoners, and that they all joined heartily in the hymns, and listened intently to every word of song and speech. This was blessed news to us, and since that time we have endeavored to increase the volume of sound, that these dear men may not lose one syllable of the message of salvation, and our prayer is that the dear Lord may knock at every cell door and gain admittance to every heart.

We are very grateful for another contribution of 35 comfort bags from Miss R. SCOTT, New York City, making, I think, a total of 200 made by her own hand. We can use any number of these silent missionaries to great advantage, and trust the fair readers of this Magazine will remember us in this direction.

One of the charter members of our society, the second person signing with us at date of organization, November 1, 1892, has but recently returned from the Asiatic Station, where he has been connected with the famous Christian Endeavor Society of the U. S. S. *Charleston*. He brought with him an elegant silk banner, which will grace the booth of the Superintendent of Floating Endeavor at the International Convention of Christian Endeavor next July at Washington. I am very glad to note that the Christian Endeavor Home for sailors at Nagasaki, Japan, has been bought and almost paid for, and that it has been opened, so I am informed in a letter from the secretary. It is now under the care of a board of directors, composed of English and Americans, of which the Bishop of Kinshin is president. In closing, I again ask the prayers of all Christian readers of this Magazine, that God will give my wife and me greater power to win souls than ever before, and send a Sailor Pentecost that shall sweep the waters of the world.

In all our loneliness we wait,  
In all our weariness we hope;  
The harbor of the Golden Gate  
Before our longing eyes shall open;  
With broken mast and shivered spar  
We drift adown the darkening sea;  
But shines before us like a star,  
O God, our home, our peace in Thee,

## Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER.

Rev. E. C. CHARLTON writes on March 2:

During January and February we have no foreign trade, and only a few coasters. I have preached five times in several churches and had charge of a Union Temperance meeting in the City Hall, but none of those congregations are included in the average attendance in the report. There have been few fishermen at home during February and my congregations have been below the average, but we have had a very gracious spirit pervading our services and 14 conversions in two months, and these have been very marked ones; 54 have requested prayers and 68 have taken the pledge; religious services held in chapel, 52; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 32, of others, 34. I have made 51 sick calls and 31 visits to the jail, and a total of 560 calls. Mrs. CHARLTON has accompanied me in most of these, which have been largely among the poor and outcasts. We have visited every dance hall and house of ill-fame, and I believe on the whole these have been the two most effective months' work we have ever done. I am more than fortunate in my devoted family. My wife, daughter and two sons are ready and willing to lead a meeting at any time when called upon.

Testimonies given at the sailors' meetings in Gloucester:

"I have broken my father's heart by my sins. I have been everybody's fool. I have wasted my own life, but I came to Jesus and sought His pardon. He saved me and has again made a man of me, and given me a place among God's people. I love Him. I will live for Him."

"I am not worthy of standing up here to speak, but I can't keep still any longer. I must tell you that I am on the Lord's side. I know He saves me. I have been a wild boy in my time, but now I hate the things I once loved. I find more pleasure in one such meeting as this, than in all my years of sinful pleasure."

"I have been coming here ever since you opened this chapel. I have listened to your faithful preaching and have seen shipmates saved and made happy here, but I have been sad because I am a backslider; but God helping me I here and

now return to the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul."

"I have tried for years to knock drinking and my other bad habits, but as soon as I'd get ashore the boys would say 'Come have a glass of beer,' 'Come take a cigar,' and the moment I stepped into a bar-room I was gone; but a week ago, when I came and asked you to help me and you knelt down in the parlor and prayed for me, I knew I was saved, and this week has been the happiest of my life."

BOSTON.

BOSTON, February 29, 1896.

*To the Secretary American Seamen's Friend Society:*

Having had a chance for some time past to be at the Baptist Bethel Church in this city, I am glad to see the interest there is taken in seamen by Mr. JOSEPH WALSH and Miss ANNA KNUDSEN, our missionaries at the Bethel. There is a fine reading room well supplied with books and papers. There is a daily Bible class in the winter months, held mostly by Miss KNUDSEN; and daily prayer meeting in the reading room for seamen and others; the Bible class and daily prayer meetings have been the means of quite a number of seamen becoming Christians; regular visits to the Marine Hospital and boarding houses by Mr. WALSH and Miss KNUDSEN, distributing papers, tracts, etc. There is quite a correspondence with seamen when they are away.

## Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.

The seventy-seventh annual meeting of the congregation of the Mariners' Church, Front and Union streets, was held Monday evening, January 6. The pastor, Rev. H. F. LEE, presented his twelfth annual report. Among the interesting items we cull the following: The number of visitors to the reading room during the past twelve months was over 28,000 (nearly all seamen), being an increase of 4,000 over preceding year. At all of the religious services there has been an increased attendance of seamen. During the year sixty-five persons professed conversion, and sixty-four signed the pledge for total abstinence. On Washington's Birthday, to 365 seamen was given a

entertainment through the kindness of Christian women, and several other entertainments were given by young people. During the past year, to 700 seamen were given comfort bags sent by Christian Endeavor Societies and others. The work has been carried on during the past year at an expense of over \$3,000, the larger part of which was contributed by friends interested in work among seamen.

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## North Carolina.

### WILMINGTON.

The following is from the report of a committee on public worship:

Nourished and supported by a few of our people, our Bethel services have been conducted by our chaplains every Sunday since our last annual meeting except one, Sunday, January 26, when our worshippers repaired to the First Presbyterian Church to attend the funeral services of our daughter of our president.

The attendance has not been as large as we had hoped. The first quarter there were present 668 persons, the second quarter 452 persons, the third quarter 210 persons and the fourth quarter 218 persons. Total attendance for the year 1,488 persons, or an average of 30 persons each Sunday.

On April 2, 1895, Mrs. WESTBROOK, our sailors' friend, whose sweet voice had delighted and cheered the care-worn sailor at our services, was hushed in death. This indeed was a great loss to our association.

Her great talents were generously given to promote the spiritual welfare of our seamen, and her genial manner and kindly disposition rendered our association with her a pleasure long to be remembered.

We do not know what recommendations to offer or what action would be most desirable on your part, but we do consider it necessary to our vitality that the good people of Wilmington should become more deeply interested in the prosperity of the society, and that while offering sympathy and good wishes, they should aid by word, deed and act, that the object of the organization may be accomplished with success.

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## Alabama.

### MOBILE.

Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on March 2:

Number of American ships, &c., in port since last statement, 9, all others, 42; religious services held in chapel, 8, in hospital, 4; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 21, of others, 27; religious visits to hospital, 7, on ships, &c., 76, in boarding-houses, 10; Bibles distributed, 4, and many magazines and papers.

Two sailors died during the month, one at the Marine Hospital and the other at the Providence Infirmary. I visited them frequently and prayed with them, and each expressed his hope of salvation through Christ. One seaman came forward publicly for prayer at a Bethel service. The monthly entertainment was a decided success in every way. An intelligent English sailor, extensively traveled, volunteered the remark that although he had attended entertainments at the largest ports in the world, that these entertainments in Mobile surpass anything of the kind he had ever witnessed. He gave special praise to the ladies here for their kindly interest in sailors, and for the pains taken by them to make each occasion delightful to these homeless toilers of the deep. Mrs. GAYNOR gave a fine bracket lamp and some papers; Mrs. PATON gave some more of her choice and fresh magazines; two sailors, TRONSTADT and HAMMAR, offered to paint the inside wood-work of the Bethel and to oil the pews, provided that the ladies furnished the material, and this offer the ladies accepted with thanks. Mr. DANIELL gave envelopes and paper; three Christian women gave some articles of clothing for needy sailors.

At the last entertainment a shipwrecked mariner presented himself before the large audience, stating his condition. The papers in his possession clearly proved that their rightful owner was most worthy of help. He exhibited a boat of his own manufacture, he said, and asked the privilege of auctioneering it off for his relief. The chaplain himself acted as auctioneer, and such was the sympathy aroused that the little toy was bought by a gentleman from Atlanta for \$7.50. A Mobile citizen then proposed that the hat be handed round to increase the sum; whereupon a gentleman from Dakota offered his hat for the purpose, putting in \$2.50 to begin with. In a few moments the hat was returned with \$7.35, making the entire amount for the distressed seaman \$14.85. It was reported afterwards, I am sorry to say, that needy as he doubtless was, he was not exactly



what he ought to be. Even if this be true, the motives in helping were pure, and it is this that gives good deeds value in the sight of the Master. An unusual number of seamen in distress, and unable to get shipping, apply to me for relief. Sometimes I myself, personally, and sometimes with the help of the restaurateurs, KLOSKY, Mrs. DE ARTAGO and others, give them food and a shelter for the night.

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## Louisiana.

### NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. STEELE uses the columns of the *Southwestern Presbyterian* to keep his work before the good people of New Orleans. From that sound and able paper we learn that improvements have been made in the Bethel, and an effort is to be made to secure \$3,000 per annum for needed expenses, the public press seconding the endeavor in effective editorials. In the words of the *Times-Democrat*, "New Orleans owes something to the sailors who make it the great commercial city it is, and the very least it can do is to provide Jack such comforts as the Bethel assures them."

The thirty-five years of useful life, the ownership of good buildings, adapted to sailor-work, the warm friendship of seamen who have visited the Bethel, the high character of the directors of the New Orleans Seamen's Friend Society, and the devoted zeal of the chaplain, ought to make it easy to secure the money asked for;—at least, we should say so, did we not know that even in seaport cities it is proverbially difficult to get the means to do Christian work among a class of men who, being out of sight, are out of mind.—ED.

Rev. R. E. STEELE writes on February 11:

On the first of February we celebrated the fourth anniversary of the present chaplain's coming to the Bethel. It is natural that there should be somewhat of retrospect at such a time. We see much accomplished, but are sad when we

realize how much more might have been done. Thousands of sailors have entered our doors in that time, and gone forth upon the great ocean, many of them never to return. We have tried to plant in each heart some seed of truth that would spring up in eternity, but alas, how often we have failed. Hundreds of sermons and prayer-meeting talks have been made, thousands of tracts have been distributed, and a large number of copies of God's Word in many languages have been cast as bread upon the waters. What good has it done? We ask over and over the same question, and the answer is never what we desire. Yet God has said that His Word is like the rain, and shall accomplish that whereunto He has sent. To Him must be left the results. We can only feel that to some little extent we have helped in scattering the precious seed. There have been some conversions that we know of—one on his death bed who went home gladly to the blessed abode; and we trust that in many hearts there linger still memories of truths preached simply in our chapel. We can speak with more confidence of the success of our branches of our work. Take, for instance, what we have done for destitute seamen. Hardly a night has passed that our roof did not afford a shelter to some poor waif of the ocean stranded on our shores. Even as we write one has just been admitted. Some have been taken by the hand as they left the prison doors, and by kindness have been taught to look forward to better things. Many times has the poor victim of strong drink found shelter and encouragement in our Bethel, and nearly a thousand in the four years have pledged themselves by God's help to turn from the intoxicating cup—the worst enemy of the sailor. Again and again has the Bethel's flag floated at half-mast high while it has been the chaplain's mournful duty to lay away all that was mortal of some poor fellow, dying a stranger in a strange land. Many a time has the pen of the chaplain traced the sad news of a dear one's death as he wrote to the loved friends never again to be the welcome footsteps of the returning wanderer. By the sick bed, in the hospital or in our own Home, we have tried to cheer the lonely hours, and point to the Great Physician. Then there have been the entertainments with music and festivity to win away from the pathos in the feet that so readily tread the Crowd after crowd of sun-burned tars from all lands and speaking all tongues.

have entered our Concert Hall and for a while forgot hardships and storms and poverty in the cheerful blaze of the lights. Many kind friends have aided in all this, and many warm hearts have beat with ours in this work. Three happy Christmas times come before our mind's eye as we look into the past, and hundreds of bronzed faces look at us from eyes in which the Christmas tide has wrought some of the light of home even in this, so them, strange land.

Added facilities have enlarged our sphere of usefulness, and we are able to do more for the sailor now than ever before, but there is much to be done yet. Southport, with its hundreds of ships, is as yet unoccupied, although over a year has passed since we were offered the land on which to erect a reading-room, and now comes Port Chalmette, to call us here for work among the sailors on the vessels, which its wonderful commercial facilities are already attracting. The great trouble has been, and still is, lack of funds. We must spend money to do the work which lies before us, and if God's people do not give it to us, why the work goes undone. We are just starting in a complete canvass of the city for funds. We must have \$3,000 per annum to carry on the Bethel, and the Board of Directors is now actively engaged in raising it. The sum is so small and the good it will do so large, that surely we need not apprehend failure. We ask most earnestly that all God's people will pray for our success, and if God has put it in your power, *help to answer your own prayers.* We all rejoice at the success of the Touro Fair—let us have cause to rejoice doubly at the success of the Bethel also.

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## Oregon.

### PORTLAND.

Rev. W. O. FORBES writes on February 1:

In December, 1895, we had altogether 2,511 visits to our work, and in January, 1,662 visits. This includes the visits to our social and reading rooms, and to the seas which are given every Sabbath afternoon. Tea has been served during the two months to an average of about 60 per Sabbath, and there has been an average of about 40 each night in the reading rooms. These rooms have also been improved, and we have collected from ships and other sources \$193, which has been expended in sustaining the work. My

new assistant, Mr. W. H. G. TREVORS, is well adapted to the work, and is meeting with success. The Society are making a determined effort against fraud and evil practices in shipping men, and there seems to be a ray of hope for success now. The shipping has been slow this season and the freights low as compared with last season, and this has caused some ships to lie here longer than usual.;

Number of American ships, &c., in port since last statement, 60, all others, 25; religious services held in chapel, 27, elsewhere, 9; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 65, of others, 50; religious visits made to hospitals, 10, on ships, &c., 250, in boarding-houses, 20; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 20, tracts, &c., 2,500.

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## Washington.

### SEATTLE.

Rev. THOMAS REES writes on February 1:

I have been at Port Blakely once. Our meetings at the Bethel have been much as usual; the first of the month was marked by quite a religious interest, and fifteen asked for prayer. There was one sailor and eleven others converted. I praise God for the souls He has given us this month. I have been suffering from sore throat and for two nights I was not able to speak; however, I preached twenty-five times.

I think, from what I can learn, that business is at a lower ebb than any time in the past. The saloon seems to be the only paying business.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 9, English, 4; number of services in Bethel, 62; average attendance of seamen, 7, of others, 67; visits to ships, 39, to boarding-houses, sick rooms, &c., 7, hospital, 5; Bibles distributed, 1.

Also on March 3:

There have been three conversions in February, two out of the three being sailors. Both of them went away immediately. May the Holy Spirit follow them with needed grace. I have visited Port Blakely twice; on my first visit there were seven ships, on my second visit eight. I visited and supplied them with reading matter as far as I could. In winter there are no counter attractions here, so the evening meeting is generally well attended by seamen.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 10, English, 3; religious services held, all in Bethel, 58; visits to ships, 45, to sick rooms, boarding-houses, &c., 9, to hospital, 4; average attendance at religious services, 47, of sailors, 6; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 5.

## The Planets for April, 1896.

The MOON will run over a part of the Pleiades on April 15, about 9 p. m.

MERCURY will not be visible.

VENUS will continue to be visible in the morning, but will grow slowly fainter, and will move nearer to the Sun.

MARS will be visible in the morning as a red star of the second magnitude in constellation Aquarius; very close to the edge of the Moon on the morning of April 8.

JUPITER will be visible during the first half of the night; in quadrature with the Sun on April 19.

SATURN will rise about 10 p. m. and will be visible the remainder of the night; in constellation Libra.

URANUS will be very faintly visible to the naked eye, in Libra, about 6° south-east from Saturn.

Princeton.

T. R.

## Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

FEBRUARY, 1896.

Total arrivals..... 70

## Receipts for February, 1896.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Plaistow, bequest of Mary S. Kelly,  
late of Plaistow, N. H., per Louis  
G. Hoyt, administrator ..... \$100 00

### VERMONT.

Burlington, Christian Endeavor Society of College Street Church, for library ..... 20 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Falmouth, Celia F. Shiverick, for the  
"A. M. Shiverick Memorial Loan  
Library" ..... 20 00  
Southampton, Congregational Ch.  
Sunday School, for library ..... 22 00

### CONNECTICUT.

Greenwich, Second Congregational Church ..... 28 75  
Hartford, Warburton Chapel Sunday School of First Church ..... 5 00  
Norfolk, Mr. Carl Stoeckel ..... 5 00  
Mrs. Ellen Battell Stoeckel ..... 5 00  
Norwich First Congregational Ch. .... 21 75  
Southington, Mrs. E. L. Robbins ..... 10 00  
West Winsted, L. J. Pease, towards library ..... 10 00  
Wilton, Congregational Church ..... 5 00

### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Mrs. Mary M. Gager, for library ..... 20 00  
M. L. Roberts, for library ..... 20 00  
Elizabeth W. How, for library in memory of her father, Benjamin W. How ..... 20 00  
J. R. Planten ..... 5 00  
Jno. Bunce ..... 5 00  
William Howard ..... 2 00  
Coxsackie, Anna L. Lusk ..... 5 00  
E. C. Lusk ..... 5 00  
Gravesend, First Reformed Church ..... 39 00  
Huntington, Samuel T. Carter, for library ..... 20 00  
Irrington, Mrs. John T. Terry, for library ..... 20 00  
New Rochelle, Second Presbyterian Church Sunday School, for library ..... 20 00  
Miss A. C. Pryer ..... 20 00  
New York City, Elbridge T. Gerry .. 200 00  
Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Jackson, constituting himself a Life Member. Anson Phelps Stokes ..... 30 00  
C S ..... 25 00  
Mrs. Elizabeth Auchincloss, for a library in memoriam ..... 25 00  
Collections from the International Navigation Co.'s lines, per H. G. Phillips, cashier. .... 21 80  
E. P. Hoyt, for library in his name. Miss M. L. Ackerman, for library in her name ..... 20 00  
Mrs. C. B. Tompkins, for library .. 20 00  
Mrs. Sumner R. Stone, for library .. 20 00  
The Misses Stone, for the Morning-side Library No. 16 ..... 20 00  
Miss Emma Bogardus, for shipwrecked and destitute seamen... 20 00  
Rev. Albert B. King, for library... 20 00  
Richard S. Barnes ..... 10 00  
S. V. Baker ..... 10 00  
L. G. Woodhouse ..... 10 00  
Mrs. Wm. Paton ..... 10 00  
Miss Julia F. Noyes ..... 5 00  
Miss Susan Kendall ..... 2 00  
Nyack, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Blauvelt .. 10 00  
Troy, H. G. Ludlow, for library ..... 20 00  
Rev. Arthur H. Allen ..... 2 00

### NEW JERSEY.

Lakewood, Woolsey R. Hopkins .... 3 00  
Madison, Madison Presbyterian Ch. .. 81 85

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Germantown, Thomas Mackellar, .... 10 00

\$1,094 75



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

## REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN DECEMBER, 1895, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1896.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1, 1895, was 10,188; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 11,689; the total shipments aggregating 21,877. The number of volumes in these libraries was 536,420, and they were accessible, by shipment and reshipment, to 385,973 men. Ten hundred and fifteen libraries, with 36,747 volumes, were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 117,139 men. One hundred and fifty-one libraries were placed in one hundred and fifty-one Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 5,636 volumes, accessible to twelve hundred and forty-one Keepers and Surfmen.*

### DECEMBER, 1895.

During December, 1895, seven new loan libraries were sent to sea from our rooms. These were Nos. 10,265-10,271, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows:

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
0265..	Second Presbyterian Sunday School of New Rochelle, N. Y.....	Bark Lamberga. ....	Saigon.....	18
0266..	Celia F. Shiverick, of Falmouth, Mass., as the "A. M. Shiverick Memorial Li- brary".....	" Amanda.....	Buenos Ayres.....	16
0267..	Rev. Albert B. King, of New York City	Ship Helen Brewer.....	Shanghai.....	24
0268..	Mrs. Elizabeth Auchincloss, of New York City, in memoriam.....	" Challenger.....	Callao.....	22
0271..	Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander, of Northfield, Mass., as "Annual Christmas Gift Li- brary".....	" Tillie E. Starbuck.	Portland.....	29

Libraries previously issued were also assigned this month, as follows:

0229..	Mrs. A. C. Brown, of New York City..	U. S. S. Essex. ....	Newport and West Indies.....	200
0231..	Groton Heights Baptist Church, Gro- ton, Conn.....	Ship Ed. O'Brien.....	San Francisco.....	25
0232..	Mrs. T. B. Kennedy,, of Chambers- burg, Pa., in memory of Caroline Pax- ton Stevenson.....	Bark Alice .....	Auckland.....	16

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
10233..	Eliot Church, Lowell, Mass. ....	Bark Annie Reed.....	Demerara.. .....	1
10234..	Mrs. G. G. Smith, of New York City...	U. S. Revenue Cutter Winona.. .....	Coasting.... .....	3
10236..	The Misses Kirker, of New York City, in memory of Annie Kirker, and to be known as the "Annie Kirker Memorial Library".....	Ship A. J. Fuller.....	Shanghai.....	2
10239..	Miss Mary E. Lockwood, of Bingham- ton, N. Y.....	Bark Zuba.....	Montreal & River Plate .....	14
10240..	C. H. Johnson's Class in Payson Church Sunday School, Easthampton, Mass...	Ship A. Gibson.....	San Francisco.....	2
10241..	Pearl Street Congregational Sunday School of Hartford, Conn.....	Ship Dirigo.....	San Francisco.....	3
10242..	Mrs. Chas. E. Vail, of New York City.	Bark Gleneida.....	East London.....	17
10243..	W. H. Vail, of Blairstown, N. J.....	Ship Belle of Bath.....	Shanghai.....	2
10244..	First Presbyterian Church Sunday School of East Orange, N. J....	Bark H. G. Johnson....	Port Natal.....	1
10245..	Miss Janetta Alexander, of Princeton, N. J.....	Ship Macedon.....	Dublin.....	25
10246..	" " "	U. S. S. Lancaster.....	Coasting.....	35
10247.	A friend, Astoria, N. Y., in memo- riam Robert McDermut .....	Bark Manna Loa.....	Adelaide .....	4
10248..	Presbyterian Church Sunday School of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y....	Ship Agenor. ....	Port Elizabeth....	27
10249..	Frederick A. Booth, of New York City	Bark Holliswood.....	Honolulu.....	14
10250..	Mrs. S. R. Lombard, of Tarrytown, N. Y., in memory of her brother, William Reed ....	Barkentine Ensenada...	Brisbane .....	1
10251.	Presbyterian Sunday School of Madi- son, N. J. ....	Ship T. F. Oakes.....	Shanghai.....	25
10252..	" " " "	" Ellen A. Read.....	Melbourne.....	25
10253..	Wood's Memorial Chapel Sunday School of New York City.....	" Asia.....	Valparaiso .....	1
10254..	Mrs. J. T. Terry, of New York City...	" Mary L. Burrill....	Rio de Janeiro....	2
10256..	Mrs. Mary M. Gager, of Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Reuce.....	San Francisco....	22
10257..	Cornelia C. Tompkins, of New York City .....	" Com. T. H. Allen...	Hong Kong.....	24
10258..	H. G. Ludlow, of Troy, N. Y.....	" Sachem.....	Java.....	12
10259..	Elizabeth W. How, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in memory of her father, Benjamin How.....	" John Currier.....	Japan.....	24
10260..	Samuel T. Carter, of Huntington, N. Y.	" Patrician .....	Port Elizabeth....	1
10261..	The Misses Stone, of New York City, as Morningside Library No. 16.....	Bark Osberga. ....	" .....	1

## QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
10262..	Mrs. Sumner R. Stone, of New York City.....	Ship Troop.....	Hong Kong.....	21
10263..	Christian Endeavor Society of College Street Church, Burlington, Vt.....	" Norwood,.....	Sydney.....	21
10264..	Congregational Church Sunday School of Southampton, N. Y.....	" Walter H. Wilson..	Calcutta. ....	32

### JANUARY, 1896.

During January, 1896, three new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms. These were Nos. 10,272-10,274, inclusive. The following assignment has been made:

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
10272..	Friends of seamen, Rochester, N. Y., for the "Mount Hor Library".....	Ship H. D. Troop.....	Japan .....	25

### FEBRUARY, 1896.

During February, 1896, six new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms. These were Nos. 10,275-10,280, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows :

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
10276..	Miss Maria L. Ackerman, of New York City.....	Ship Centennial'.....	San Francisco.....	20
10277..	Dr. E. P. Hoyt, of New York City.....	Bark Geo. S. Homer....	Melbourne.....	18

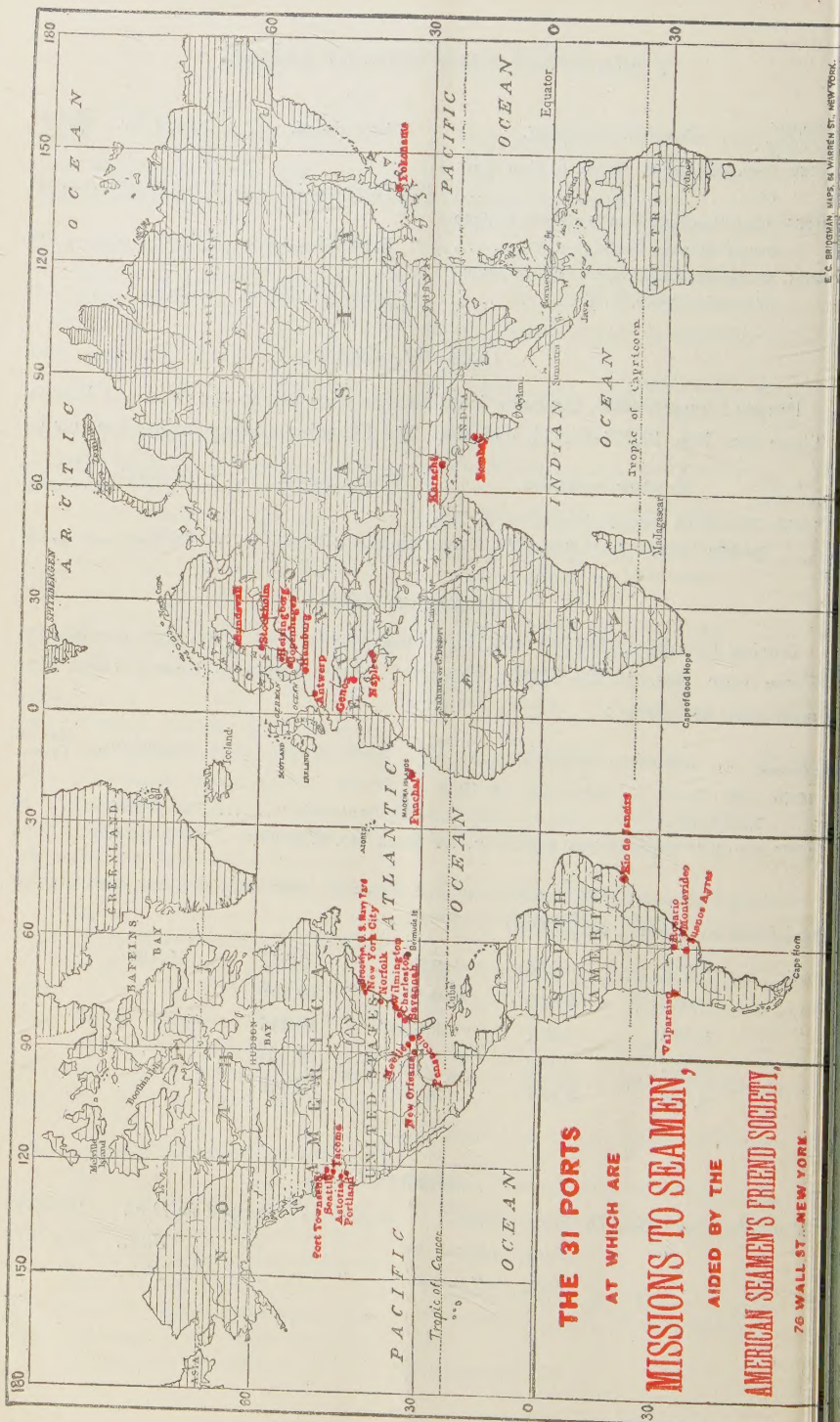
During February, 1896, twenty-one loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms, as follows:

8,714	9,264	9,868	9,951	10,183
8,818	9,465	9,879	10,100	
9,095	9,637	9,883	10,117	
9,157	9,806	9,929	10,158	
9,232	9,837	9,934	10,173	

### SUMMARY.

<i>New libraries issued in Dec., 1895—</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Libraries reshipped in Dec., 1895—</i>	<i>23</i>
" " <i>Jan., 1896—</i>	<i>3</i>	" " <i>Jan., 1896—</i>	<i>18</i>
" " <i>Feb., " —</i>	<i>6</i>	" " <i>Feb., " —</i>	<i>21</i>
		16	62







# INFORMATION FOR SEAMEN.

## LIST OF CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES, Etc., AIDED BY THIS SOCIETY.

SWEDEN, Helsingborg.....	Rev. N. P. Wahlstedt.
" Stockholm.....	J. T. Hedstrom.
" Sundsvall.....	Rev. E. Eriksson.
" Gottenborg.....	Christian Nielsen.
DENMARK, Copenhagen.....	Rev. A. Wollesen.
GERMANY, Hamburg.....	British & American Sailors' Inst., H. M. Sharpe.
BELGIUM, Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
ITALY, Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
" Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
INDIA, Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, Rev. Jas. Baume.
" Karachi.....	F. Wood.
JAPAN, Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
CHILE, Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home & Miss'n, W. C. Morris.
" Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home & Mission, Capt. F. Ericsson.
REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY, Montevideo.....	Montevideo Sailors' Home & Miss'n, Thos. McCarthy.
BRAZIL, Rio de Janeiro.....	Oscar Schmidt.
MADIRA, Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors & Sailors' Rest, Wm. Geo. Smart.
GLOUCESTER, Mass.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Inst., Rev. E. C. Charlton,
" New York, New York City.....	Capt. Wm. Dollar.
" Brooklyn, U. S. Navy Yard.....	J. M. Wood.
VIRGINIA, Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
NORTH CAROLINA, Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. Jas. Carmichael,
SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society, Rev. C. E. Chichester.
FLORIDA, Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
GEORGIA, Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
ALABAMA, Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
LOUISIANA, New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, Rev. R. E. Steele.
OREGON, Portland.....	Portland Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. W. O. Forbes.
" Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormac.
WASHINGTON, Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
" Seattle.....	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.
" Port Townsend.....	Pt. Townsend Sea, Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

## Directory of Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 104 Market St	Seamen's Aid Society.....	James F. Slaughter.
BOSTON, Mass., N. Sq., Mariners' House	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
" Sailors' Christian Home.....	Lad. Beth. Soc., N. Bennet St	George Smith.
" Charlestown, Sailor's Haven,		
46 Water St.....	Epis. City Mission.....	John Allen, Supt.
" East Boston, S. Mary's House		
for Sailors, 120 Marginal St.	" "	James M. Battles, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. J. Tinkhorn.
NEW YORK, N. Y., 190 Cherry Street..	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	F. Alexander, Lessee.
" 52 Market St.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	H. Smith.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 423 South Front St	Penn. " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
BALTIMORE, Md., 418 South Ann Street	.....	Miss Ellen Brown
" 1737 Thames St.....	Port Miss., Woman's Aux'y	{ Capt. J. C. Abbott, Supt
.....	.....	{ Miss Aisquith, Matron.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilmington Port Society...	
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 Market St.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Capt. H. G. Cordes.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society	
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	N. O. Sea. Friend Society...	Halvor Iverson.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	S. F. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	Capt. Melvin Staples.
PORTLAND, Ore.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	
NEW HAVEN, Conn.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt.

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

Location.	Aided by	Missionaries.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	Rev. F. Southworth
BOSTON, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" Walter J. Swaffield
Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
GLOUCESTER, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	The McClure Chapel, Glouc- ester Fishermen's Inst..	" E. C. Charlton.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" E. Williams.
NEW HAVEN, Conn.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	" John O. Berg.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Catharine c. Madison	New York Port Society....	" Samuel Boul.
128 Charlton Street.....	" W. S. Branch.	Mr. John McCormack.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	Rev. Wm. A. Dalton.
No. 341 West Street, N. R.....	" "	" W. A. A. Gardner.
21 Coenties Slip.....	" "	Isaac Maguire.
26 State Street.....	Am. Ev. Luth. Im. Miss. So.	Mr. Lilja, Miss'y.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	Mr. J. M. Wood.
31 Atlantic Avenue.....	New York Port Society...	" James Davis.
193 9th Street, near 3rd Avenue..	Dan. Ev. Luth. Sea. Miss'n.	Rev. R. Andersen.
Erie Basin.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Isaac Maguire.
Scandinavian Seamen's Church,		
William St., near Richard St....	Nor. Luth. Sea. Mission....	" Jakob Bo.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., c. Front & Union..	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts..	Episcopal.....	" Francis W. Burch.
Front Street, above Navy Yard..	Baptist.....	" "
Washington Ave. and Third St....	Methodist.....	" W. Downey.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	.....	" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" G. W. Heyde.
No. 815 S. Broadway.....	Port Mission.....	Mr. Kirby S. Willis.
NORFOLK, Va.....	Norfolk Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	Rev. J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" J. Carmichael, D.D.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St..	Charleston Port Society...	" C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH, Ga.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" H. Iverson.
PENSACOLA, Fla.....	" " " "	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
MOBILE, Ala., Church St., near Water	" " " "	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Fulton St., near	Presbyterian.....	" R. E. Steele.
Jackson.....		
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	San Francisco Port Society.	" J. Rowell.
PORTLAND, Ore.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	Mr. W. O. Forbes.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

CHARLES H. TRASK, *President.*

JAMES W. ELWELL, *Vice-President.*

W. C. STITT, D.D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, *Treasurer.*

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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GEORGE BELL,  
63 South Street, New York.  
WILLIAM C. STURGES,  
76 Wall Street, New York.  
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Morristown, N. J.  
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305 West 18th Street, New York.

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156 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
WM. E. STIGER,  
155 Broadway, New York.  
DANIEL BARNES,  
76 Wall Street, New York.

A. GIFFORD AGNEW,  
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76 Wall Street, New York.  
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JAMES W. ELWELL,  
47 South Street, New York.  
W. IRVING COMES,  
59 William Street, New York.  
ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF,  
109 Duane Street, New York.  
CHARLES K. WALLACE,  
52 Broadway, New York.  
A. G. VERMILYE, D.D.,  
Englewood, N. J.  
CHARLES H. TRASK,  
76 Wall Street, New York.

## OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of the Constitution).—"The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the Gospel, and other religious blessings."

CHAPLAINS.—In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLANDS, ICELAND, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA. A list of the chaplains, who will always be ready to befriend the sailor, is given on the preceding page.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—An important part of the Society's work, and one greatly blessed of God to the good of seamen, is that of placing on board ships going to sea, libraries composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it is communicated as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1895, was 10,188. Calculating 11,628 reshipments, their 536,420 volumes have been accessible to more than 385,973 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools: Twenty dollars furnishes a library.

THE SAILORS' HOME, No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society, and is leased under careful, judicious restrictions. It is unsurpassed in comfort by any Sailors' Home in the world; its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but many seamen have there been led to Christ. Destitute, shipwrecked seamen are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society resides in the HOME, and religious and temperance meetings are held daily. The Lessee receives and cares for the savings of his sailor guests and a large amount has thus been saved to seamen and their families.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of the MAGAZINE.